



Words of wisdom



👁 34 ✓ 1 ★ 4

Chapter 1 by basic2003name

Take a shower. Wash away every trace of yesterday. Of smells. Of weary skin. Get dressed. Make coffee, windows open, the sun shining through. Hold the cup with two hands and notice that you feel the feeling of warmth. ^[SEP] You still feel warmth. ^[SEP] Now sit down and get to work. Keep your mind sharp, head on, eyes on the page and if small thoughts of worries fight their ways into your consciousness: threw them off like fires in the night and keep your eyes on the track. Nothing but the task in front of you.

Get off your chair in the middle of the day. Put on your shoes and take a long walk on open streets around people. Notice how they're all walking, in a hurry, or slowly. Smiling, laughing, or eyes straight forward, hurried to get to wherever they're going. And notice how you're just one of them. Not more, not less. Find comfort in the way you're just one in the crowd. Your worries: no more, no less.

Go back home. Take the long way just to not pass the liquor store. Don't buy the cigarettes. Go straight home. Take off your shoes. Wash your hands. Your face. Notice the silence. Notice your heart. It's still beating. Still fighting. Now get back to work. ^[SEP] Work with your mind sharp and eyes focused and if any thoughts of worries or hate or sadness creep their ways around, shake them off like a runner in the night for you own your mind, and you need to tame it. Focus. Keep it sharp on track, nothing but the task in front of you.

Work until your eyes are tired and head is heavy, and keep working even after that.

Then take a shower, wash off the day. Drink a glass of water. Make the room dark. Lie down and close your eyes. ^[SEP] Notice the silence. Notice your heart. Still beating. Still fighting. You made it,

after all, you made it, another day. And you can make it one more. ^[SEP] You're doing just fine. ^[SEP] You're doing fine.

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I'm doing just fine

Chapter 2 by Jono



Yes, thats right. I'm doing just fine. And so are you. That is, until we're not.

Because sometimes, no matter how hard you try, life is shit. You wake up in a bad mood, take a shower and the water's just a little too hot. You make coffee and open the windows, but there's a storm raging outside. The coffee is too hot. Kind of like the shower you had this morning. And now, you're irritated. You brush it off though, because your insignificant little problems don't matter (at least that's what you tell yourself). You become cold and wet because the window is still open. You close the window and wrap your hands around the coffee mug for warmth. It gets too hot, too fast. The warmth is overwhelming. Everything is too warm. You sit down and try to work, but today has not been your day. But it's fine, it's whatever. You grit your teeth and try to write that english paper you should have done weeks ago, but every page sounds like crap. You ball up each piece of paper, throwing them in the vicinity of the trash can but not a single one actually making it in. But it doesn't matter, does it. You should have finished the paper a while ago so it's your own fault that you're struggling today, and now you're beating yourself up about it and everything is so warm you're sweating when did you turn the heat on? Probably before the storm. You turn it off, go back to your desk and rip apart every single piece of paper on it.

You decide you've had enough "work" for today (even though you haven't accomplished ANYTHING and it's your own fault but it's FINE, you're fine). You put on your shoes and decide to go out for a walk around people. They're all talking and laughing and having a good time with their separate groups of friends. You almost feel invisible (unsure of whether you like being invisible or not). Someone must have accidentally walked too close behind you and has tripped on your feet, only briefly muttering an apology before going back to talking and laughing with their friends and now there's a rock in your shoe and. All you want to do is go home. So you do. You walk home past all of these smiling and laughing people and suddenly you realize that you're alone in this world, that we're all alone and we won't realize it until we're all in a state of melancholy feelings like you are currently and you are aware that if someone could see into your brain and read your thoughts they would be immensely lost in a confused mess but it's fine, it's whatever. It doesn't matter. You don't matter (at least that's what you tell yourself).

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drunk. You take out vodka, lemon juice and sprite and mix it all together, downing three shots back to back. Your throat burns, but you can already feel the effects of the alcohol taking place. You stumble up the stairs (still holding the vodka bottle, the sprite and lemon juice long forgotten) and retreat under the covers of your bed with your ipod. You lie there for hours, wasting the day away drinking and listening to loud ass rock music that makes you forget. This feels like your safe place. Nothing can harm you here.

Until nighttime.

Yeah, nighttime. An old friend that you haven't seen for a while in this state (you had been doing better, so much better for SUCH a long time but now that's all out the window, isn't it). The dark scares you when you're like this, but is also your biggest comfort. Your quiet screams of pain are easily lost in the inky darkness of midnight. The dark means less attention, but more pain. The most pain. You clutch your chest and your heart is beating, beating, fast and fast and faster and too fast and too much and your heart is going to beat out of your chest and you have no way of containing it, absolutely no way of containing what you feel in this state.

I'm forced to deal with what I feel, there is no distraction to mask what is real

At least Tyler Joseph understands.

It's times like this when you feel the least okay. You wonder if you're going to make it, if you have the POWER to make it. How are you supposed to survive the day if you can't contain yourself in the night? You pass out at around five am, when the sun has just started to peek out from behind the horizon. You wake up at eight with a wicked headache. You can barely make it downstairs to get to the Advil you keep in the cabinet. Everything hurts. You think taking twice the recommended dose will make it better. It doesn't so you take more, and more, until the entire bottle is gone. It's finally working. You fall on the floor face-first, content with the lack of pain you feel. You can barely hold your eyes open. Everything is a blur but at the same time crystal clear. It's a sunny day today- you can tell because there's a particularly bright spot of light coming from the direction of your window. There's a smile painted across your face. Your

eyes flutter shut. You're perfectly content. You imagine this is what heaven feels like. Maybe this IS what heaven feels like. The

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Everything is cold

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